

The
Impartiallest Satyre that ever was seen,
That
Speaks truth without fear, or flattery, or spleene:
Read
As you list, commend it, or condemn it,
The
Man that pen'd it, did with Finis end it.



LONDON,
Printed in the Year. 1653.



*The Impartiallest Satyre,
&c.*

Divine *URANIA*, aide my feeble
Pen ;
My Saviour & my Sovereign both
were men :
Th' one God and man (before the
world appointed ;)
The other Gods man (both the Lords
Anointed.)
The one the Lord of Glory, and Eternall,
Th' other a glorious Lord (by Grace Supernall.)
One was by *Judas* for a small sum sold,
The other for much Silver, Coin, and Gold ;
The Jews knew not (for had they) saies the story
They had not crucifi'd the Lord of Glory :
But sure the *Scots* did know he was their King
Which they did sell, and to destruction bring.

Our Saviour, at his bitter suffering passion,
 Upon his Crucifiers had compassion,
 When his tormented spirits near spent did pant,
 He pray'd for them, declar'd them ignorant,
 To this effect, *Father (I beg and sue)*
Forgive them, for they know not what they doe :
 These blest words for curst Jewes were sove-
 raigne plaster ;
 Christ pray'd not for those Knavs that sold their
 Master :
 Their bargain was not casuall, or by chance,
 Nor can they any way plead ignorance ;
 For what he was they all did know right well,
 They knew he was their King that they did sell :
 The ignorant accursed Jewes *Sanedrim*,
 Were not so guiltie of selfe-knowing sin.
 Great *Pontius Pilate* on's Tribunall Throne,
 To judge (his Judge) th'Eternall three in one ;
 He did not know who then our Saviour was,
 Yet did corrupt unwilling censure passe.
 He was a Heathen, and from him was hid
 Much knowledge that he knew not what he did,
 Pilate had full Authority and Power
 From great *Tiberius* Romes high Emperour,
 Nay, Pilate had his power from above,
 And Christ did his Authoritie approve,
 Saying thou hast no power over me,
 Except it from above were giv'n to thee.

But no Records to memory can bring
 That Subjects e're had power to sell their King :
 Scotch murder'd Kings large Histories have fill'd ;
 But *Charles* the First was first sold to be kild.
 One hundred eight Kings Scotland had beside,
 And fifty eight of them untimely di'd ;
 Beheaded, poison'd, murder'd, slaine, and starv'd :
 But sold for slaughter none like *Char.* was serv'd,
 Therfore when Christ the Judge shal all decide,
 Jewes shall before those Scots be justifi'd :
 Our Saviour said unto the faithlesse Jew,
 You know not me, be gone, I know not you.
 And he will say to the perfidious Scot,
Depart from me, for now I know you not.
 You sinn'd agaist your consciences you knew to
 You sold him whom was your obedience due to,
 To whō you plighted had your faith & troding,
 By Protestations, Covenants, and Oaths :
 Such Knaves, said they, *would to the Vineyard go,*
 But then the Rascals Consciences said no ;
 You swore to him, and him again forswore,
 Once, twice, & thrice, & thrice & 3 times more,
 I seem too long upon this Theam, but yet
 Something remaines, which I must not forget :
 As *Judas* sold his Master for a price,
 He did as you did, for base Avarice :
 He had but thirty pence (as some declare,)
 Some cursed Scots had each a greater thanc.

A King with grace indow'd, with vertue crownd,
 You told him for two hundred thousand pound,
 Which mony was not justly shar'd they say,
 The strong' st got all, the weak went fools away:
 That whē the mighty knavs had each his fleece
 The poor Rogues had not fifteen pence a piece.
 That money was the price of bloud, indeed
 Of Royal bloud, which makes 3 Kingdoms bleed;
 And sanguine swords or'e runs you like a floud,
 Like Jews *Aceldema*, a field of bloud.

Nor was th' intention of *Iscariot*
 So bad as was the meaning of the Scot;
 For *Judas* saw his Masters Miracles,
 Heard his divine Precepts and Oracles:
 He saw him (with his mighty word) appease
 And calm the tempest of fierce winds and seas.
 He saw him likewise on the water walk,
 To raise the dead, and make the dumb to talk,
 The blinde to see, the lame goe, the deafe heare,
 Fiends disposest, and Leopers cleansed cleare;
 He saw five Barley loaves, and two small fishes
 Were for five thousand people plenteous dishes.
 He saw the Jewes would take him, but their
 power

Could not til his appointed time and houre:
 When as the *Nazarites*, through want of grace,
 Would cast him frō a Rock, or some high place:
 Then *Judas* saw a miracle was wrought,

By scaping from them, when his life they sought,
 All these things *Judas* saw, and more then these,
 He therefore went unto the Pharisees
 To take their money, and his Master fell :
 Suposing Christ would free himselfe right well
 By Miracle, as he had done before * This is probably written
the 17th of June.
 Believing that he could escape once more ;
 But Scottish Jews and *Judas*es did know
 Their Master no such miracle could shew ;
 They knew he could not scape, & that his being
 Was sad condition'd, and too fast for fleeing :
 Christ could have scap'd away, but *Charles*
 could not,

Which proves the Scots worse then *Iscariot*.
 And *Judas* did an honest trick or two,
 More then the false King selling Knavs will do.
 He brought the mony back, and did repente,
 Confesse he had betray'd bloud innocent :
 Abhorring of his crime and ill got pelfe,
 And (in despaire) repenting hang'd himselfe,
 His satisfac'tious penitence was such,
 That those fals Scots wil ne're do half so much,
 The money they again will never bring,
 Nor stretch their weafands in the fatal string.
Judas repented, and to hanging went ;
 But they'l be hang'd before they will repente.
 Thus wicked Rake-hells, by curst combination
 Have made this (once admis'd) a hated Nation :
 And

And thus these scum of Rascalls have undone
 The happiest people underneath the Sun;
 In every strange land we are odious grown,
 An English man dares not his Countrey own,
 And Christians, Pagans, Turks, or Jews or Tar-
 tars,

Would quarter us, but never give us quarters;
 We once did live in freedome, free from thrall,
 But now in slavery, and the slaves to all.

My raging Satyr is yet rationall,
 The fury of it is not Nationall,
 Though men are all defil'd with sins contagion,
 God hath his own in every Land and Region.
 'Mongst Jewes, great numbers were Believers,
 when

Our Saviour suffered for the sins of men.
Arimathea Joseph, chief of all,
 Gave Christ a Grave, and decent Buriall,
 And *Nichodemus* (by Faiths glorious light)
 Did visit our blest Saviour when 'twas night;
Nathaniel likewise was a Jew (upright)
 From guile most clear, a true just Israelite,
Zacharus, Lazarus, many more beside,
 Were faithfull grieved Jewes when Jesus di'd.
 And sure there's many an honest Loyal Scot
 Whose consciences this crime did never spot;
 Therefore they are rash fools, & they doo all
 That lay the blame upon the Nation totall.

There's

There's many noble Scots have bravely bled,
Who Honour'd liv'd, and di'd in Honours bed,
Whose fame shall (many an Age) out-live their
lives,

Whose valours scarcely had Superlatives,
And thousands still are living at this day,
That do make conscience what they do or say,
This black aspersion cannot justly fall,
To scandalize the Nation generall;
But Scotland harbours many a crafty Fox,
Of **GEORGE BUCHANAN**'s faction, and **JOHN
KNOX**,

Their dainty Doctrine, at Geneva brew'd,
Hath made stark mad the misled multitude,
That their Opinions as fast grounded be,
As Squirrels when they skip from tree to tree.
Therefore 'tis thought the fault's not in the
Scots,

'Tis their Religion that hath made 'm Scots:
It is their piping hot, fire new Presbytery,
(Keep from it, touch it not, it will besquit-
ter ye)

And if it had been the Almighty's will,
I wish in Scotland they had kept it still:
For wheresoe'er it comes, it mischief brings,
The spoyle of Nations, Kingdoms, and of Kings,
Of Peace, and on the sacred Tribe of Levi
Their mad-brain'd tyranny lies too too heavy.

They

They, and the Levites of New-Englands brood,
Have made old England drunke with English
blood,

And with a shew of holinesse and zeal,
They have destroy'd our Church, Lives, Lawes,
and Weal;

And as(by them) we are thus deeply wounded,
So they(by wounding us)are quite confounded,
Enslav'd and conquer'd, ransack'd, and captiv'd
Of Laws, of Liberties, of love depriv'd.

Thus is Gods Judgment fall'n upon their heads,
As it will do on all that so mis-treads.

Thus I have done with Scots, I could begin
With English Jews which near as bad have bin:
But I love cleanlinessse, and do detest
That Fowl that is so foul to foul his nest.

Yet is a Knav & Knav, do what he can,
Let him be Grecian, or Barbarian,
In England, Scotland, Ireland, France, & Spain,
And in Wales too there may be Knaves in grain:
The eye of mortall men did never ken

A Nation that breeds not false-hearted men;
But though the most are bad, yet every where
Some honest men are scatter'd here and there,
And is thare thickly sown and thin come up,
So they drink deepest of afflictions Cup.

A Raferis Heaven is here, and here's his Love,
A good mans Hell is here, his Heaven's above:

A vertuous man sowes seeds of goodness here,
And Faith assures Hope Fruits eternall there.
And now of London some few lines I'll write,
And then my Satyre bids you all Good Night.

The year full sixteen hundred and two score,
King C. from Scotland came, & never more,
Was flattery us'd; with great magnificence,
The City of London entertain'd their Prince;
Mark how the cursed Jews Hosanna cry'd,
When Christ into Jerusalem did ride;
With boughs they deckt their doors, & in their
street,

They threw their garments trampled underfoot:
These flattering duties then those Jews did show,
To whom both heaven & earth obedience owe;
Yet few dayes after their malitious strife
Did crucifie our glorious Lord of life.

Much like to this was Londons fading flame
Of love, when Royal C. from Scotland came,
They rung the bells, & bonfires were consum'd;
Thousands were sick with healths, and th' air
per fum'd

With Cannons thundring war, and Chimnies
reak:

Yea all that heart could think, or tongue could
speak,

By flattering Loyalty was then exprest,
With th' entertainment of a mighty King.

his did brave London do, yet pray but note,
 three daies after they would cut his throat ;
 or thousands of them did like Fiends conjoine
 to spend their lives, their souls, their goods and
 coine,

ad many a Thimble, Bodkin, and a Ring,
 they offer'd up to sacrifice their King :
 a faithlesse trust ! accurst, with flattery varnished,
 like to a rotten sepulchre new garnished.

They Satyre against all doth not complain ;
 London many thousands doe remaine,
 who are courageous, wise and politick,
 and to their Principles do stoutly stick,
 who never made their wealth the means to buy
 their own and every mans calamities,
 who are no Weather-cocks, or Woodcock
 Widgeons,

be of any, none, or all Religions,
 who did the former Government obey,
 and to be rul'd by this do not gainsay :
 who patient take their Lots as they do fall,
 and constant humbly give God thanks for all.
 In London many such now living be,
 but very few of them are known to me.

— FINIS.

